THE New Republic

Leon Keyserling: Soviet and U.S. Economic Growth

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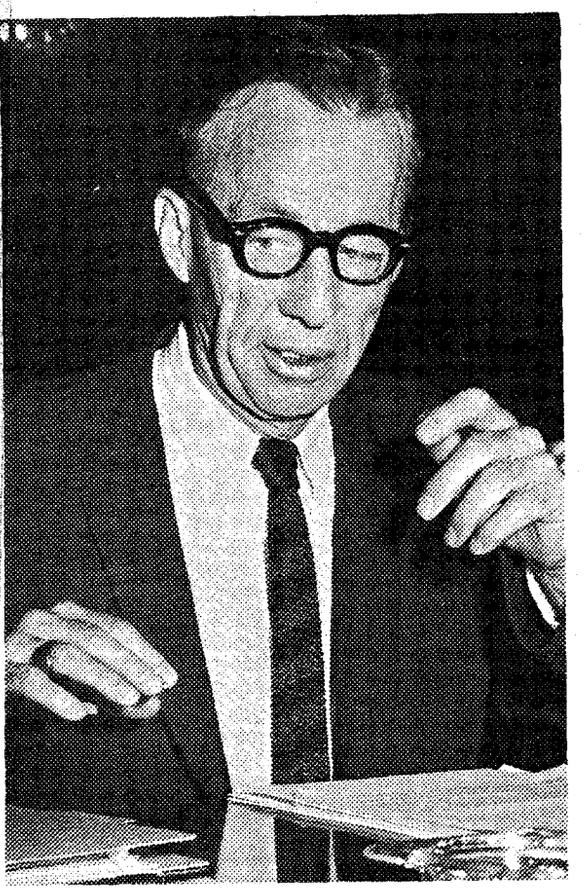
CARNEGIE
MT. ANGEL COLLEGE
SEWELL, CHILE

Harry Cain and the President

The Meeting that Took a Year to Arrange

By Daniel Berman



The Autobiography of an Ex-Communist

Reviewed by the Editor of "Punch"

JUNE 25, 1956

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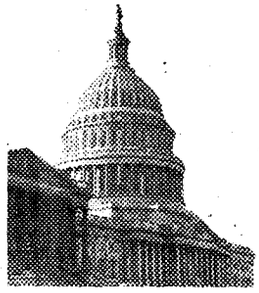

Washington Wire

All's well . . .

SUMMER presses down on Washington like a damp, hot thumb. But it's cool up in Iceland and this Sunday the returns come in from up there. Their parliamentary elections decide whether we shall be kicked out of the big Keflavid air base. Back on March 29 the Icelandic parliament adopted a resolution asking withdrawal of all NATO forces. That meant us.

Few newspapers bothered with the story because it indicated that NATO is falling apart and it's part of the Eisenhower myth that all's well with the world and that NATO is stronger than ever. Besides, what has a silly little Icelandic election to do with the USA?

What it has to do principally is to remind those of us who aren't blinded that things aren't going well. Chiefly it's a matter of leadership. The USA is losing momentum. The Summit conference at Geneva a year ago tacitly banned the nuclear war and Moscow switched policies. But while the USA was groping for a new policy Eisenhower was hospitalized seven weeks in Denver, and our policy froze. Now he's back in the hospital once more. Republican politicians and White House doctors argue that the President, at 65—healthier by a heart attack and intestinal operation—will certainly seek office again. We have no doubt they're right. There is something tragic and funny and obscene about it. His life expectancy has been "increased" say the doctors. There's a brutal kind of cynicism in the maneuvers that makes hardened reporters retch. "They're going to run him if they have to stuff him!" is the common phrase. The big present campaign is to tell the convalescent Eisenhower through newspaper headlines that he has reached his decision before he has had a chance to think about it. It's being done expertly.

But meanwhile these things are happening in the world: America is at the head of a world coalition that is falling apart. Western Europe doesn't want to be the battlefield for atomic warfare and yet that's what our insistence on airbases (like that in Iceland) projects. Britain is cutting armaments expenditures. West Germany's NATO contribution is chiefly on paper; France is preoccupied with Algeria; Greece and Turkey are rowing over Cyprus. An effort has started to try to broaden NATO into something on the political side. But the USA, through Dulles, tells the 14 other NATO countries we won't allow our sovereignty to be diminished; we just want to diminish the sovereignty of the other 14. If Iceland tells us "Get out!" we shall, of course, blame it all on the Communists. The fact is we have tied up our policy with one party, the "Independence Party" of businessmen (the GOP of Iceland) and the farmers and trade unionists are ganging up on us.

Bolling's triumph

REP. DICK BOLLING (D, Mo.) had been waiting for the moment for a year. Last week it came. Civil-rights legislation was inextricably stalled in the Rules Committee under satrap Howard W. Smith (D, Va.). The committee has eight Democrats, four Republicans. But at the end of a bloody, three-hour behind-closed-doors session, the Eisenhower civil-rights legislation was voted out, reportedly 7 to 3, with Bolling leading a bipartisan revolt against Virginia die-hard Smith who was the most surprised and angry man in Washington. Hardly a word of it got into the papers but it changes the legislative course of the balance of the session.

What Eisenhower reads

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER lives on an island where he seems to have only intermittent communication with the intellectual mainland. One of these means of communication is the *New York Herald-Tribune*. He doesn't read many newspapers but he looks at that. It deserves consideration as the printed medium by which the American head of government gets many of his views.

It used to be that it was considered a competitor of the *Times* but it is doubtful if even the *Trib* takes that role very seriously any more. The *Trib* is easier to read than the *Times* because there isn't much news in it. It is unfailingly Republican. It is, in short, the Eastern big business internationalist organ of the GOP. In a good many Washington news bureaus the staff men read the *Times, Washington Post, Baltimore Sun, Wall Street Journal* and other papers and somehow forget to bother with the *Trib* except to read Lippmann and the Alsops or maybe to laugh over David Lawrence and the comics. This is Ike's paper, his distinctly limited orifice on the views of the world. Last Thursday, Texas oilman McCollum told the Senate inquiry how the gas lobby spent $1,753,513 to "educate" the public on the gas bill. The *Times* had its own front-page story. Not a word of it in the *Trib* for Ike to see.

The Court rules

MOST OF the nation's newspapers are so far out on a limb about the need for protecting the nation against subversives among those wicked federal bureaucrats that they have to pretend to be shocked anyway when the Supreme Court intervenes. The Court last week ruled 6 to 3 against use of security procedures to dismiss employees in non-sensitive posts. Joe McCarthy said that was just terrible. The one-party press, of course, turned against Joe when *he* turned against Ike; but after all the thesis is still valid, isn't it, that Democrats filled Washington with subversives? Don't you have to watch them every minute? It is our guess that there isn't much political mileage left in the loyalty issue, but it may be good for just one big final scream in Congress. Patriotic Congressmen are setting about reversing the Supreme Court decision, with Eastland and McCarthy whooping along the way. The press seems to be wavering. . . . Lots of readers still respect the high Court.

Notes

THIS COLUMN has always liked Estes Kefauver and likes the frank way in which he now agrees he went too far in recent primary attacks against Stevenson: some victories are greater than winning the Presidency. . . . Doctors who gave Ike one hundred percent health clearance a month before his operation must have known of his chronic ileitis: they mixed politics with medicine.

T.R.B.

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The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

JUNE 25, 1956

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Time for Hope

DR. GALLUP has discovered that 83 percent of the voters know Bob Hope when they see him, but only 25 percent can recognize Averell Harriman. This appears to confirm the rumor that the American people, the Presidential campaign notwithstanding, are not as interested in politics as the politicians would like. The usual explanation given is that the people only get excited about politics when the country is in trouble.

Some Democrats, of course, say the country *is* in trouble, but Democrats are known to be men of little faith when Republicans are running things.

We try to be more detached, and we conclude that it isn't that people are uninterested in politics: they're just confused, and who can blame them?

Just before the President's "indisposition" (Mr. Dulles' word for it), Mr. Eisenhower made a fine statement about neutralism. He said he could understand the reasons for it; this country has been neutral, or tried to be, for most of its history; neutralism doesn't imply any indifference toward "right and wrong, or decency and indecency." That sensible view barely had got to the newspaper readers in Oslo, Cairo and New Delhi, when Mr. Dulles, in one of his evangelical moods, promptly said the opposite: neutralism is "an obsolete conception, and except under exceptional circumstances, it is an immoral and shortsighted conception." But before that had time to register fully, the Secretary was viewing with concern the possibility that Congress would cut off aid to neutralist India and Yugoslavia.

The debate over neutralism did not end there. For Governor Harriman took the side of John Foster Dulles, that is the John Foster Dulles who thinks neutralism is obsolete, not the Dulles who favors aid to the two leading neutralist nations. But Harriman went further, charging that by his tolerant comments on neutrals "the President played smack into their [the Kremlin's] hands."

If the American voter manages to clarify the conflict between the President and Dulles-Harriman he may wish then to consider our policy of person-to-person exchanges with the Soviet Union. Premier Bulganin, in his latest note to Mr. Eisenhower, wrote off disarmament negotiations of the past few years as pretty much a waste of time. To that Harold Stassen responded by suggesting that disarmament is being delayed partly by the reluctance of the Russians to open up their country to foreign visitors; in the interests of disarmament, therefore, the US should do its utmost to encourage more visiting back and forth between Russians and Americans. This heretofore heretical idea was thereupon admirably seconded by the man who made America safe from Alger Hiss—Richard Nixon. But neither said what they propose we do about the fingerprinting of visitors, which the Russians find obnoxious, or about the Walter-McCarran Act which bars all Communist visitors except those on official business.

Correspondence

► ***Soviet and US Economic Growth***

SIRS:

I have read thoroughly and with great interest the June 11 issue of *The New Republic* dealing with "The Soviet Union Since Stalin." There could be no more timely subject, and *The New Republic* has brought together a group of contributions which seems to me to make this one of the finest of the many fine issues that your periodical has devoted to special topics during the past few years. . . . I was particularly impressed with those articles . . . which attempted to state what we ought to do, and not merely to fathom what is happening somewhere else. This is why I liked so much the article by Tom Whitney on "The Challenge To Our Economy," quite aside from my basic interest in economic problems. I will not attempt to evaluate Mr. Whitney's discussion of economic developments in the

(Continued on page 23)

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Nor did they say how they are going to keep the Pentagon quiet. For at the same time Mr. Stassen and Mr. Nixon were pleading for a lowering of barriers, our military spokesmen were telling the press in background briefing sessions, that any such signs of friendliness with Communists could endanger our entire system of military defense, here and abroad. Why, the world might say, should we be asked to sacrifice new washing machines for guns, if the Russians are fine fellows? What we have most to fear, the military argues by implication, is the decline of fear itself.

In this issue of *The New Republic,* G. L. Arnold describes the Soviet trade and aid offensive in the Middle East. Is he unduly alarmed? Yes, if one agrees with Mr. Dulles that the present visit of the Soviet Minister to Cairo (and perhaps Greece) is really the sincerest form of flattery, since it is an imitation of the Secretary's own peripatetic personal diplomacy. Furthermore, the new Soviet strategy of economic penetration cannot be too serious, since the Administration continues to recommend high priority for military aid and low priority for economic aid.

If the American voter finds all this too bewildering and escapes for the moment to Bob Hope and television, that does not mean we have lost our bearings. For when the President gets back on the golf course, we'll know where we are. And he *will* get back, with undiminished drive, whatever columnist Doris Fleeson may say. For that we have the word of the President-Elect of the American Medical Association:

> When the President recovers he will be in better physical condition than any of his political opponents, Republicans or Democrats, have been at any time of their lives.

And you can call us *The Ladies' Home Journal.*

Harriman's Campaign

AVERELL HARRIMAN'S backers left Denver on June 17, claiming 200 convention votes for their candidate. That figure may be slightly optimistic, but he did receive pledges of 70 to 80 convention votes—some only after the first ballot—from Democrats who came to the Denver meeting from 12 Western states.

Harriman's is a sort of pincers movement enveloping the Midwest. With most of New York's votes in his pocket, he is cultivating the relatively small mountain-and-plains states for perhaps three reasons: the Union Pacific Railroad runs through some of them, most of them have been neglected by the major Presidential candidates fighting for the big states, and finally, they represent a kind of hard core of progressive-radical sentiment, ranging from Populism to old-guard New Dealism which longs for a bare-fisted scrap with the GOP.

Some of the Harriman boosters in Denver had once been for Kefauver. Most have hung back from Stevenson from the start, looking as one expressed it for a "fightinger" candidate. In fact, on the "fightingest" issue within the party—civil rights—the views of Mr. Harriman and the contender he must knock out to win, Adlai Stevenson, are substantially alike. The irony of the alleged difference came out in Oklahoma Governor Raymond Gary's use of the word "moderation" to describe Mr. Harriman's attitude toward school desegregation. Governor Gary is active in the Harriman Western organization.

In recent weeks, Mr. Harriman seems to have moderated his offensive hostility toward anyone who disagreed with him about his candidacy. Since his only chance for the nomination lies in his capacity to attract Stevenson delegates in the event of a convention deadlock, expediency dictates Harriman's avoiding any appearance of being motivated by personal animosity.

The New York Governor's assets are many, and they are not only financial ones. He has unquestionable dedication to the common welfare; he has wide experience in public affairs, and he has a passionate will to win. But he has still to prove his attraction to the voters of the nation, or even the Democrats of New York. A public-opinion poll earlier this year indicated that they preferred Adlai Stevenson over their own Governor by almost four to one.

Civil Rights Gauntlet

THE DEMOCRATIC dilemma on civil rights is a profound one, because neither the average deep Southern delegate to the national convention nor the Northern politician with a Negro constituency can afford the appearance of compromise. Both must not only spoil for a fight, but actually go through the motions of battle. Both must go back home as defenders of "principle" though the "principle" is different in each case.

What this dilemma means in concrete terms is grad-

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ually emerging. At the recent Michigan Democratic Convention an 11-point civil-rights directive to the state's 44 national convention delegates was approved:

1. Endorsement, support and implementation by the President and the Congress of the Supreme Court decisions outlawing segregation and other violations of civil rights.
2. Vigorous and immediate Presidential action through existing executive powers and legislative action to insure security of the person against violence, intimidation and terror.
3. An effective federal commission to prevent discrimination in employment.
4. A federal law against lynching and all other assaults on persons or property because of race, religion, color or national origin.
5. Congressional action for the abolition of the poll tax and all other interference with the right to register or vote in primary or general federal elections.
6. A Civil Rights Division in the Department of Justice headed by an Assistant Attorney General of the United States and charged with protection of civil rights throughout the nation.
7. A permanent federal commission with subpoena powers to make a continuing appraisal of the civil-rights field and to recommend action.
8. Elimination of remaining segregation and other forms of discrimination in interstate travel.
9. Establishment of majority rule in the Senate and House of Representatives.
10. The refusal to seat candidates whose elections are obtained by unconstitutional and illegal denials of the right to vote under the powers specifically granted to both houses of the Congress.
11. The appropriation of federal funds in a manner which will prohibit the continuation of segregation in education and housing.

Of these proposals, most discomfiting to those who do not want Southern Democratic defections are the first three: on desegregated schools, security of the person, and a national FEPC. No pro-civil-rights politician can temporize on these; at the same time, they are pointedly designed to rile the South.

Equality in Transportation

ON JUNE 5, a federal panel of judges, all from Alabama, held by a 2 to 1 decision that segregation in city buses is unconstitutional. The majority report held in part that the separate but equal doctrine can no longer be safely followed as a correct statement of the law. In fact, we think that *Plessy v. Ferguson* has been impliedly, though not explicitly, overruled, and that under later decisions there is now no rational basis upon which the separate but equal doctrine can be validly applied to public carrier transportation within the City of Montgomery and its police jurisdiction. The application of that doctrine can not be justified as a proper execution of the state police power. We hold that the statutes and ordinances requiring segregation of white and colored races on motor buses of a common carrier of passengers of the City of Montgomery and its police jurisdiction violate the due process and equal protection of the law clauses of the 14th Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Meanwhile, matters remain in status quo in Montgomery. The boycott will continue until Negro leaders are convinced that the bus company will be permitted to do away with the practice of segregation, and acts accordingly. In other words, it can not be said yet that Montgomery buses have been actually desegregated, though the panel's decision rejected the two main grounds for segregation, the separate but equal doctrine and the claim of police jurisdiction.

It is only fair to note that Montgomery has avoided the grave disorder and violence so freely predicted by supporters of the pattern now on its way out.

Walking Blind

THE PUBLIC is being let in on another secret of the nuclear revolution that is almost more ghastly in its implications than the H-bomb: radiation from "atoms-for-peace" will shorten the lifespan of mankind and cause mutation of human genes unless exposure to radiation is rigidly controlled. "We are walking blind into the nuclear age," one scientist writes.

The public has had some inkling of this danger. Madame Curie died of slow radium poisoning. "Harmless" radiation has shortened the life expectancy of the average US X-ray technician by three years. But these casualties occurred before the advent of atomic power, before the widespread use of isotopes, before private industry began to produce atomic fuel. Obviously the atomic industry today is comparable to the auto industry in 1905: widespread exposure to radiation is still to come.

Some clues to the hazards ahead are given in the recent report of the American Academy of Sciences, and in an even more concrete measurement of the threat by Dr. H. J. Muller, Nobel Prize winning biologist.

For each roentgen unit of radiation received by the whole body, for example, there is on the average a loss of something like five days of life, perhaps up to two weeks. The "roentgen unit" is an international measurement of rays. The present-day average American has been exposing himself to about nine roentgen in his first 30 years of life—four from cosmic rays in the atmosphere, three from medical X-rays, and less than two from nuclear bomb tests.

But in the new atomic industry, a worker who exposes himself to .3 roentgen a week (the level officially decreed

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ATOMIC ENERGY GOOD NEWS COMMISSION
KEEP SMILING
SCIENTISTS WARN OF POSSIBLE MUTATIONS FROM ATOMIC RADIATION
HERBLOCK
©1956 THE WASHINGTON POST CO.

"Mutations–shmutations–as long as you're healthy."

by the government as "safe"), will cut one or two years off his life for every 10 years of employment. Up to now, this information has been a scientific secret; now the AFL-CIO will lose no time in informing its members.

Moreover, if a worker after exposing himself to 100 roentgen fathers a child, the chances are one in four that the child will inherit a mutation in genes. "It is an old wives' tale that these mutations frequently take the form of monstrosities," Dr. Muller writes. The impairment is usually slight, taking such forms as a greater tendency to rheumatism, or gastric ulcer or high blood pressure, or slightly lowered IQ. But even this Dr. Muller calls "tampering with our birthright."

Fallout from nuclear bomb blasts can leave tiny doses of radiation in pasture grasses, to be eaten by animals, then by humans; or fallout in sea water can be absorbed by fish, then be transmitted to humans. A nation that carelessly dumps radioactive waste in oceans where it may be picked up by currents and carried to far away shores may easily impair the biologic inheritance of another nation. And these damaging effects are cumulative; the body stores up radiation injury like pennies in a child's bank which can never be emptied.

"A brave man," Socrates reminded his friends, "is one who holds his place fearing." The nuclear revolution calls for the exercise of that kind of bravery, for its frightening reverberations will require radical readjustments—and not only in our technique of producing power. "We may not," Canada's Foreign Minister, Mr. Lester Pearson said recently,

> have fully realized that changes have occurred which render obsolete many of our old concepts—changes which require that we give priority to dependence over independence.

Handkerchief for Kohlberg

"It is unusual," observed Attorney Henry J. Fox, representing China Lobbyist Alfred Kohlberg, "that of all people, he should be involved in this."

Depending on how you look at it, Kohlberg would indeed be either the very last person or the very first person you would expect to discover trafficking in Communist Chinese merchandise. United States customs authorities apparently saw it the latter way when, in December, 1954, they impounded 30,800 embroidered linen handkerchiefs, worth $90,000, which Kohlberg had imported from Hong Kong. Kohlberg protests they were not made in Communist China but in Hong Kong out of linen purchased in Belfast, Ireland. He has sued the Treasury Department, complaining that even the best of Belfast linen can get "mildewed, discolored, and odoriferous" shut away from sun and air for 18 months, and that handkerchief styles do not wait for the law. Lawyer Fox has won a pre-trial hearing next week and a promise that Kohlberg will get his day in Federal District Court in Washington by September.

Kohlberg will be remembered as the voluble New York propagandist who seven years ago led the China Lobby's attack on the State Department's now-exiled China hands. The oddity of his present predicament is not simply that this champion of Chiang Kai-shek, so prominently a party to US rigidity on relations with Communist China, is now hoist with his own petard, but that he is now compelled to fight the very policies which he and his Kuomintang friends once demanded. Examination of Kohlberg's formal complaint bears out one official's wry comment that "if he is successful, he will be knocking down the only effective machinery we have to prevent trade with the mainland. His legal action is predicated on the assumption that our regulations are illegal."

The Treasury Department points out that China's hand embroidery craft has long been limited to one area near Swatow. How, asks the Treasury in effect, could the handkerchiefs have been made in Hong Kong, as Kohlberg claims, if there aren't enough Swatow refugees there to make half that amount?

Commenting on this point with some qualms, C. C. Lai, First Secretary of Chiang's Embassy in Washington, observes that "there are a lot of refugees in Hong Kong." Then, as an afterthought, he adds that "there is, of course, quite an amount of trade with China dependent on that British island as an intermediary station."

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An Experiment in Campaign Financing

WHEN Francis Case of South Dakota took the Senate floor on February 3 to reveal that he had been offered $2,500 for his forthcoming campaign by an oil man interested in passage of the Harris Natural Gas Bill, he precipitated a deluge of newspaper headlines, the veto of the bill by the President and an effulgence of pious declarations of intention by the Senate itself.

Many things were going to be done to make sure such a thing never happened again, the Senate said, and, with admirable alacrity, a special committee was appointed to conduct a specific investigation into the Case episode, a general investigation of lobbying and campaign contributions was authorized and preliminary work on a new corrupt practices bill was begun. The new legislation was aimed, it was reported with much fanfare, at requiring complete reporting and publicity of all campaign contributions and with establishing a realistic limit on contributions and expenditures.

Volunteer fund-raisers

Majority opinion in both parties has always frowned on financing elections with big gifts from potential favor seekers. But the question has been: if not their money, whose?

In Alexandria, Minnesota, we have proved that the public is willing to shoulder the responsibility.

It was on a cold, blustery day in late February when Minnesota's Commissioner of Agriculture, "Barney" Allen, bumped his broad-hipped frame through the door of the editorial offices of our newspaper, the semi-weekly *Park Region Echo* to ask for and receive the *Echo's* pledge of promotional support for the testing of a mass fund-raising plan, conceived jointly by Philip Graham, publisher of the influential *Washington Post and Times Herald,* and himself, the test to be conducted in Douglas County, Minnesota.

Nine weeks later, on a wind-swept, rain-drenched night in early May, Joe Tomlinson, district manager for an automobile club, and Wayne Bye, a young farmer, walked up the steps of a home in Alexandria, rang the doorbell, collaborated on a sales pitch, accepted a contribution for political campaigns. Tomlinson was Douglas County Democratic-Farmer-Labor chairman and Bye was Douglas County Republican chairman. Their joint solicitation of that home in Alexandria, Minn., launched the nation's first bipartisan fund raising drive.

From the day Barney Allen first broached the experiment to the night it was carried out, many obstacles were met and overcome. Not the least of these was the outspoken condemnation of the plan by Ed Willow, state Republican finance chairman. Though Philip Graham supported Eisenhower in 1952, the fact that Allen and the *Park Region Echo* are allied with the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party aroused understandable suspicion in some Republican circles. Willow, for one, contended that the all-party plan would "sap the vigor of the individual political parties" and "blur traditional party lines." National Republican Committeeman George Etzell, who later recanted, initially charged that the plan was "a Democratic scheme loaded in favor of the Democrats." This in spite of the fact that the Republican Party will get the largest share of the money raised by the bipartisan campaign.

For the money is to be divided into three equal parts, one earmarked for the Presidential campaign, one for the Congressional campaign and one for the gubernatorial campaign, and each third is to be divided among the parties on the basis of the party vote cast for these respective offices in Douglas County at the last general election.

In three nights of formal canvassing by 40 teams of solicitors, each made up of a Democrat and a Republican or a party member and an independent, 75 of every 100 Alexandrians approached contributed to the all-party campaign. And only 200 people earmarked their entire contribution for one or the other party. To date, with a large number of follow-up calls still to be made, a total of $1,200 has been collected from 930 contributors, far better than the $1-a-voter average sought.

As an editorial in the *Kansas City Star* pointed out, this should indicate that there is a source of some $62 million in campaign money, with no strings attached, awaiting the political parties if they'll only join hands to go after it. Some of us here in Alexandria are convinced that the Graham-Allen plan, implemented by certain Congressional actions, can raise nationally three times $62 million.

THE Alexandria experiment was a success for a number of reasons, not the least of which was community pride in pioneering something new. The next community to try out the all-party fund raising plan will not have that extra incentive and will meet with similar obstacles. Something more is needed to excite the public's imagination and challenge the political parties to co-operate. That "something" might be federal sanction of the plan, official bipartisan approval and encouragement in the form of a charter granted a national founda-

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tion for political campaign contributions, coupled with a new Corrupt Practices Act clearly defining the rules for raising and spending campaign money and requiring full reporting and publicizing of such contributing and spending. But the special Senate committee set up to re-examine the present system has done nothing since the Case incident disappeared from the news headlines.

Alexandria, Minnesota, has shown that it is practical to pay for campaigns without relying on potential influence-buyers to write the checks.

The United States Senate has the next move.

Alexandria, Minn. JOHN C. OBERT

Defense Cut-Back in Britain

THE Conservative Government has just had its greatest shock since 1951. It nearly lost a by-election at Tonbridge, which has always been a cast-iron Tory stronghold. Compared with last year's general election, the Conservative vote fell by 9,000, while Labour lost only 400. In theory this represents a swing to Labour of more than eight percent—enough to give Labour an overwhelming majority in Parliament if it were repeated on a national scale. The Tory leaders are not trying to play down the significance of the Tonbridge by-election—on the contrary. All those with axes to grind are using it to justify changes in government policy which they have been demanding for a long time. Given the personal weakness of Prime Minister Eden the main effect will be vastly to stimulate criticism among the Conservatives of the whole trend of government policy.

Healey

The general line of attack was revealed by a long leading article in the orthodox Conservative *Sunday Times*. Headed "A Warning," the editorial told the government that it was losing the confidence of the middle class through continual concessions to the trade unions: "If it does not take plain steps to redress the social and economic injustices which have been imposed on the middle classes and those with fixed incomes, not a Conservative seat can be counted safe." As a straw in the wind, it has just been announced that a so-called "Middle Class Alliance," formed only six weeks ago, has already formed branches in some 380 constituencies: this is a high-minded British version of Poujadism, led by a Conservative M.P. called Henry Price.

Pressed on one side by popular support for the Welfare State, on the other by Conservative demands for lower taxes, the government, like right-wing governments in all democratic countries, has turned to the armed forces as the only field for cuts which are politically safe. Eden himself started the new line by judging that "the more immediate threat to our country's existence is competition in export markets rather than a world war." Harold Macmillan, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, told the Foreign Press Association that Britain was spending nine percent of her national income on defense, while the figure for all other Office of European Economic Co-operation countries put together was only five percent. If Britain cut her defense figure to five percent, the saving of £700 million would transform our foreign balance, increase our fixed investment, and "resolve one of the Treasury's main dilemmas—that it is dangerous to reduce taxation until we get more savings."

In fact the government has already decided to take half of the promised £100 million cut in its expenditure this year out of the defense program. But small economies are more difficult to make than big. For example a cut of six months in the term of national service would produce savings which are insignificant compared with the total abolition of conscription. There is no doubt that the government is now moving toward changes in the whole pattern of British defense which would permit such major cuts. And the Russians, of course, are doing their best to encourage this development by diplomatic notes and propaganda gestures.

Already respected non-party papers like the London *Times* and the *Economist* are showing alarm on two grounds. First, the armed services are represented in the Cabinet by a Minister of Defense, Sir Walter Monckton, who has little power and less personality. Indeed it is generally thought that he will stay at the Defense Ministry only so long as the present Lord Chief Justice refuses to hand over to him. Thus there is a grave danger that defense cuts may be made without adequate attention to Britain's military needs.

MORE serious still, the British Government is making no attempt to consult its allies on these problems. If Britain leads a general move toward unilateral defense cuts, the whole alliance may collapse even at its military core. It is a waste of time talking about the economic and political development of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization if its members fail to co-operate even on its basic strategic tasks. Here, as in so many fields, the six-month trance into which American policy falls at election time is a disaster.

London DENIS HEALEY M.P.

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Soviet Trade with the Middle East

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that Shepilov, Molotov's successor as Soviet Foreign Minister, is to visit Cairo next month must be set in the context of systematic Russian attempts to bring Egypt into the Moscow-controlled sphere of influence. The ability of the Eastern bloc to absorb Egyptian cotton at a time when the traditional outlets are choked by the US cotton surplus is the largest single economic factor pushing Egypt in Moscow's direction.

Already in the 1955 cotton year ending September 1, the Eastern bloc (according to an estimate published in the London *Financial Times*, April 5, 1956) took nearly 30 percent of the total Egyptian cotton output. The arms deal with Czechoslovakia received far more prominence than the three-year pact for shipment of Egyptian cotton to China which was signed a month earlier. Other long-term agreements for the sale of cotton to Hungary and East Germany, in exchange for the construction of complete factories and the supply of railway, electrical and optical equipment, and subsequent straight barter deals of cotton for Soviet wheat and Soviet and Rumanian oil, have passed almost unnoticed.

The impact of these trade and barter deals on Anglo-Egyptian commercial relations is considerable. The Egyptian railways seem likely to accept a Soviet-Czechoslovak offer for aid in their expansion program; Eastern Germany expects to construct a shipbuilding yard as big as her own model establishment at Warnemuende; she is already supplying electrical installations, a power station and a transformer plant which were ordered at the recent Leipzig fair. Czechoslovakia's "Technoexport" has been commissioned to build a large cement plant, while China has contracted to deliver iron (and will probably supply arms as well). Similar offers of technical aid have been made to Syria and Lebanon by the visiting Soviet "Technoexpert" team. Entire factories and a wide range of industrial and agricultural equipment are being offered on the now familiar terms of payment in national products over a long period. Even Turkey has begun to move in the same direction, with trade between her and several Soviet satellites on the increase.

The process has been made easier by Britain's present inability to provide substantial amounts of capital for overseas developments, but basically it flows from the pro-Soviet (though not pro-Communist) orientation of some Middle Eastern governments, and from the ability of Russia and her satellites to absorb bulk purchases of agricultural products from those countries. There is in fact both a Soviet export drive and, what one might call an "import drive." The former is sparked by Soviet loan and credit facilities available on very favorable terms—terms which the West cannot match unless non-economic criteria are applied: Soviet rates of interest are lower than anything to be had in the West, the repayment period is long, and the details of each major transaction are adapted to the needs of the borrower.

Agricultural produce, primarily cotton and grain, accounts on an average for 90-100 percent of total exports from Egypt, Iraq, Jordan, the Sudan and Turkey—if oil is excluded. Further east, in Afghanistan, there is a 90-percent dependence on wool, cotton and fruits. This dependence on a small range of commodities subject to sharp price fluctuations in the world market and facing growing competition from other sources, inclines all these countries to a form of economic "neutralism" between East and West, and specifically between the USSR and the US. A typical case is that of Far Eastern rice producers who now face US competition and are doubly tempted to unload their surpluses on the Soviet market.

One is tempted to dwell on the disproportion between the limited financial means engaged on the Soviet side, and the political and psychological successes already obtained. The credit facilities extended or promised by the USSR to countries outside the Soviet bloc are variously estimated, but even if account is taken of the $190 million in loans recently extended to Yugoslavia, and the offer of $100 or $150 million to India for the erection of a steel plant, the total is negligible compared to the thousands of millions poured out by the United States since the war (an estimated $15.5 billion in aid to Near Eastern, Asian and Pacific countries between 1945 and 1955). Moreover, the total volume of Soviet bloc trade, *i.e.* exports and imports, was probably no more than $600 million last year (including China) and is not expected to exceed $800 million this year. What renders this trade important is thus not its absolute size, but its strategic concentration on certain Middle Eastern, Far Eastern (and even Latin American) countries saddled with a special export problem. Of these, Egypt is the most crucial, in that she is already most heavily dependent on Soviet bloc trade, and almost most liable to effective political penetration.

THE whole drive is obviously only a beginning. Russia's ability to absorb farm surpluses is likely to outstrip her corresponding willingness to make available industrial facilities of which she is herself in very short supply—shortage of metal was one of the points stressed by Khrushchev in his report to the 20th Congress. Yet a planned economy can squeeze out marginal quantities of exportable goods, simply by ignoring the home consumer: China has already appeared in the Middle East as a seller of machine tools and textile machinery!

G. L. ARNOLD

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Cain and the President

"At the outset, Mr. Eisenhower was all business. No time was wasted on the amenities."

by DANIEL N. BERMAN

On JUNE 8, at 3:19 p.m., Harry Cain, former Republican Senator from Washington, left his office in the Lafayette Building, which houses the Subversive Activities Control Board. He noted the exact time because he wanted to find out how long it would take him to walk to the White House. He had waited more than a year for that walk. Within a matter of weeks after his first open attack in January, 1955, on the federal loyalty-security program the White House closed its doors to him. Letters to Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams and Attorney General Herbert Brownell went unanswered. But several weeks ago, at the Presidential press conference, Garnett D. Horner, of the *Washington Star,* had asked:

> Mr. President, former Senator Cain said recently that he had been trying unsuccessfully to get directly to you his views about the government employees security program. And I have been instructed to ask you if Senator Cain can see you if he wants an appointment?
>
> The President, in utter disgust, replied: "Yes."

One word was enough. The White House promptly received Cain's request for an interview and the appointment was arranged. It took place the day before the President was stricken.

Although no one else did, Cain had high hopes for the meeting. He had been scheduled to testify before the Hennings Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights just three days before his appointment with the President. Were he to keep to that schedule, his public assault on loyalty policies would surely further sour his already none-too-sweet relations with the Administration. By arrangement, therefore, Senator Hennings quietly postponed his hearings for a week. The Presidential interview could now precede committee testimony.

Cain found that it took six minutes and twenty seconds from his office to the anteroom of the President's study. "I could almost have jumped across," he observed. He had four minutes and forty seconds to spare, and he spent the time in conversation with Gerald D. Morgan, chief counsel to the President, who was also waiting in the reception room. Cain asked Morgan to explain the White House system of routing mail. "I'm looking for a combat badge that was sent here," he explained. Morgan didn't know what the ex-Senator was talking about.

When the appointment secretary opened the door to announce that the President was ready, Cain was surprised to see Morgan heading for the inner office with him. What Cain had anticipated as a *tête-à-tête* was to be a conversation *à trois.* The former Senator was not displeased: "I would have selected Morgan over anyone else. He's a good lawyer and really understands what due process means."

Cain had known for a long time that the President's advisers considered him a turncoat; it was only to be expected that some of their resentment would have been relayed to the Chief. Months before, Cain had told reporters what happened when Sherman Adams summoned him to the White House after the former Senator had unburdened himself of his first polemic against the security program.

> He gave me unshirted hell [Cain related]; I tried to explain the merits of my criticism of the security program, but he snorted: "To hell with the merits. You understand this problem better than I do, but this is a team and you're expected to play on it."

But Cain wasn't sure that the team was playing under the proper rules. Now he finally had his chance to say so to the President.

At the outset, Mr. Eisenhower was all business. No time was wasted on the amenities. Cain sat at the side of Mr. Eisenhower's desk, with Morgan opposite the President. It was Eisenhower who began the conversation. He called attention to the press-conference colloquy that had prompted his expression of willingness to see Cain,

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DANIEL N. BERMAN *is now engaged in a full length study of Justice Hugo Black.*

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and he noted that he had been true to his word. Mr. Eisenhower told Cain of the full confidence he had in him when he appointed him to the Board three years ago. Thus it was, the President continued, that he had been astonished when Cain began his scathing attacks on the Administration. His staff members had informed him, the President said, that Cain had given them no hint of his criticisms of government loyalty procedures. The former Senator had chosen to denounce publicly rather than to criticize privately.

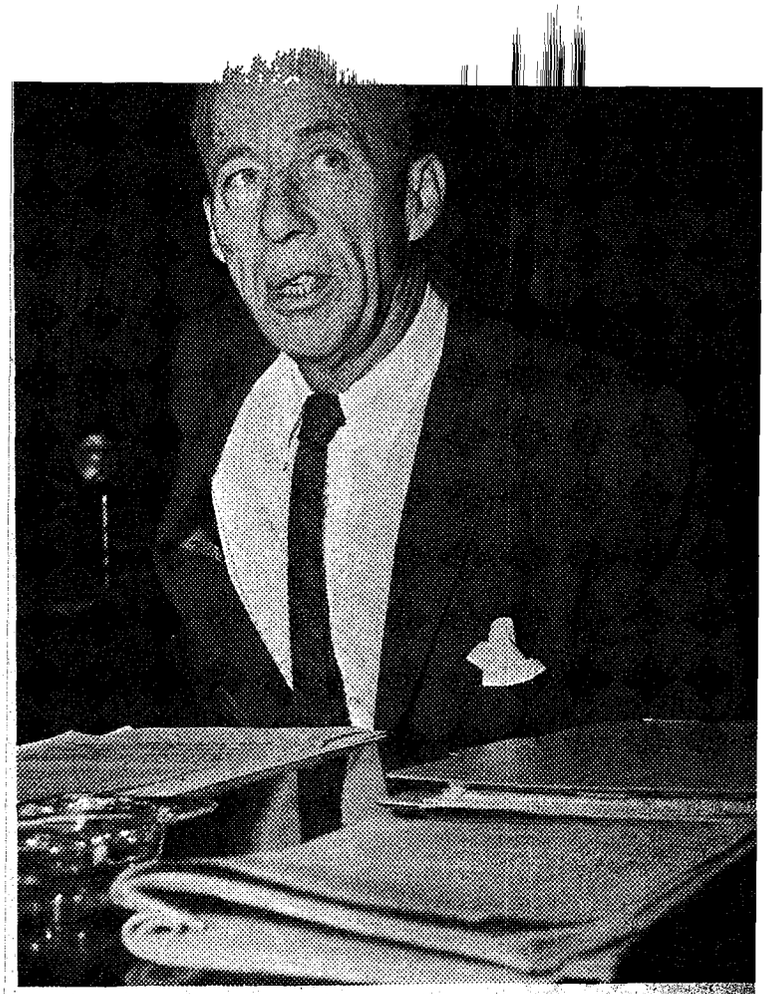
Cain told the President flatly that, with all due respect to the White House staff, there was "not a damn word of truth" in what had been said about him. He informed the President that a month before he fired his opening blast at security regulations he had been asked by the Executive Office to investigate the case of a government employee suspected of being a security risk. Cain's investigation convinced him that the woman was guilty of nothing. In spite of this, the woman is still under a cloud of suspicion. "I have always tried to tell your people, Mr. President, that we're having too much of this security business." The Chief Executive said he wanted to know exactly what Cain meant.

Cain took as his text three statements from recent speeches the President had delivered: the individual is all-important in a democratic society; government must have a heart as well as a head; and federal workers should be treated as people, not as serial numbers. "I have always believed these things, Mr. President," Cain said. "And you are the one who can breathe meaning into these words."

Cain spoke of how important these principles of individual fairness are in a court of law; they are equally crucial, he said, in administrative proceedings on which people's livelihoods and reputations depend; it is cruel and unfair to expect a man to answer vague and ambiguous charges. He told the President of two cases in which accused employees had not been given a real opportunity to try to clear themselves. Eisenhower concurred: it was not good for charges to be nebulous. Cain pointed out that these cases were not exceptions. "There are hundreds like them," and the only way to give an employee a decent chance is to permit him the right to confront and cross-examine his accusers.

BUT, observed the President, the question is not a simple one. At times, he said, it is necessary to protect confidential sources. Cain agreed, but said that he had come across only two or three such instances. And even in these, he noted, at least the hearing board can be told the identity of the accusers and the precise nature of the charges. The President agreed that this made pretty good sense to him. He didn't see why this could not be done.

Cain then reminded the President of the case of Air Force statistician Sidney L. Hatkin, who remained suspended without pay for 14 months while charges against him were being evaluated. When in desperation he finally bought a want-ad to publicize his availability for any "permanent or temporary" employment, he was allegedly approached by a Soviet Embassy official, who asked him to do some research. Hatkin declined the offer and reported the incident to the FBI. But when Air Secretary Donald Quarles had to decide whether to fire Hatkin, the 3½-page summary of the case that was given him contained no mention of this act of patriotism. Is it fair, Cain asked, to deprive a department head of information that could be decisive in his final determination of a loyalty proceeding?



The ex-Senator told the President of another case—that of William Henry Taylor, a former Treasury official, who joined the International Monetary Fund in 1946. Taylor had an enterprising attorney—a Republican at that, Cain added—and won full clearance six months after he had been called an espionage agent placed in the Treasury Department by his higher-ups in a spy network. When Morgan interrupted to point out that the lawyer—Byron Scott—was actually a Democrat, there was some good-natured banter between the Presidential counsel and Cain, and Eisenhower seemed amused.

It was the President who brought the conversation back to the subject at hand. He said he didn't at all like the fact that an accused employee was not always given

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a full statement of the reasons for his dismissal. Cain told the President that a provision of Executive Order 10450, under which the present loyalty program is conducted, *did* confer this right, but the section in question was unostentatiously revoked in the name of administrative convenience. The present system, Cain said, offers tempting opportunities for vindictive administrators to dismiss men for personal reasons and pretend that security is involved. An example of this was the Abraham Chasanow case, which—after a public furor—ended with reinstatement and an apology from the Navy Department. "There should be apologies more often," Cain said. "It's good politics, too." Eisenhower did not smile.

The whole trouble, Cain explained, is that *security* and *loyalty* have become hopelessly confused. Those dismissed for disloyalty and those fired for reasons that do not at all reflect on their patriotism are both branded "security risks." The loyalty criterion should apply only to departments dealing with military secrets. For the others, *suitability* should be the standard by which an employee is measured.

The President expressed surprise that the dividing line between loyalty and security had been erased (its erasure had been Brownell's great contribution in Executive Order 10450, which replaced Truman's Order 9835). Eisenhower questioned his counsel on the subject, and Morgan—participating for the first time in the discussion—gave an involved and legalistic explanation.

THE appointment had gone six minutes over the allotted half hour. The President looked at his calendar, on which his next appointment was noted. He started to rise from his chair. Cain asked if he could have another minute. The President replied, no; there was someone waiting for him. "But, sir," persisted Cain, "this case concerns a soldier." The President dropped back in his chair. "What did you say?" he asked. Cain began to read excerpts from a letter written by a Korean veteran, and then Morgan knew what the earlier "combat badge" reference had meant. The letter had been addressed to the President, but no one in the White House had answered it. A former combat soldier, now an assistant field director for the Red Cross, had been refused the necessary Army clearance for an overseas assignment with the Red Cross. Protesting that he had been penalized unjustly, the veteran sent the President his combat badge and the following letter:

> MR. PRESIDENT:
>
> I believe you to be an honest and a just man. I am appealing to you in your capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces to assist me in redressing what I believe to be a grievous error and injustice.
>
> This Combat Infantry Badge, which I earned in Korea and which I have enclosed in this envelope, is a symbol of the injustice that I believe has been done to me. I wore this badge and the uniform of our country as a combat infantryman with pride and I would do nothing to disgrace either the uniform, the decoration or myself. Yet, despite the record of my faithful service in two wars, I have been branded as a security risk by Army G-2 and I have lost my good name as well as my livelihood.
>
> I protest the injustice of this action, where I have had no opportunity to defend myself or even to learn with what I am charged. I ask your good offices to enable me to obtain a hearing so that I may vindicate my name and my honor.
>
> Enclosed herein is a copy of a letter recently sent to the Acting Chief of Staff, Army G-2, which will explain my problem in detail. This letter was sent as a sworn and notarized statement, to invite prosecution for perjury if G-2 believes that I have made false statements.
>
> Mr. President, my parents fled Europe and came to this country to escape injustice and oppression. I was brought up to believe that in our democracy every citizen, regardless of his circumstances, could get full and equal protection under the law and that this government existed to protect its citizens, not to oppress them. I believe that with all of my heart and soul; I fought for my country buoyed up by that faith, and I believe this still, despite what has transpired. I ask only for simple justice and fair play, an opportunity to know with what I am charged and a chance to defend myself.
>
> *Sincerely yours,*
> IRVING I. AUGUST

The letter had not been acknowledged by the White House staff, but instead forwarded to Army Intelligence, which was precisely the agency against which Irving August was complaining. G-2 wrote:

> . . . Under existing agreements with the American National Red Cross, the assignment of Red Cross personnel to Army commands overseas is contingent upon the approval of the Department of the Army. The authority of the Department of the Army in this respect is provided in federal statute. However, the action taken by the American National Red Cross on the basis of a disapproval under this authority is a matter outside the jurisdiction of the Department of the Army.
>
> In view of the foregoing, it is considered that your appeal should be forwarded to the American National Red Cross.

This meant that although the Red Cross had not the slightest intimation of why their man had been denied clearance, Mr. August was told to take up his grievance with them!

The President was visibly stirred. That was not the kind of Army he himself had served in, he said. Eisenhower punched a bell and a clerk appeared. The President sharply ordered her to investigate at once the routing of the letter. He promised to learn more about this af-

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fair. He acknowledged that Cain had told him some things he had not been familiar with.

Now the President made a specific suggestion: The Attorney General is responsible for security matters, but Cain should put his ideas in writing and meet with Morgan for further discussions. Cain was delighted, but he wanted to be sure. "Do I understand that I have your encouragement and directive to confer with Morgan on these matters?" The President assured him that he most certainly did. Eisenhower rose, accompanied Cain to the door, and for the first time, offered his hand to his visitor. They shook hands; Cain told the President of his profound gratitude for the meeting, and then he departed.

FOR Cain the interview had been a trying experience. So much depended on it. Now he was convinced that the President wanted to clean up the security program abuses: That had been his dream throughout 17 months of work on behalf of mistreated government workers. When Cain took his seat on the five-member SACB three years ago, no one predicted that he would end up fighting the battle of the unjustly accused. During his single term in the Senate, Cain had marched with the McCarthy-Jenner-Welker brigade. During the 82nd Congress, ADA considered that he voted "wrong" on every issue except home-rule for the District of Columbia and statehood for Alaska. He had fought savagely against postwar rent control. He voted against appropriating funds for NATO, but demanded the use of tactical atomic weapons in Korea; he assailed our "spending program," but favored "hot pursuit" and the bombing of Chinese bases even though he recognized that this meant risking World War III.

When he came up for re-election in 1952, Cain lost to Democrat Henry M. Jackson. But he remained in the Capital, waiting for the party to pay its debt to a Republican casualty. Cain's friend, Joe McCarthy, tried to help: he recommended to Defense Chief Charles E. Wilson that Cain be named one of Wilson's assistant secretaries. Cain didn't get that job, but his period of unemployment was brief. The Senate had failed to confirm the nomination of Charles M. LaFollette to the Subversive Activities Control Board. LaFollette, who had been serving under a recess appointment, stepped down, and Cain was chosen to fill out the unexpired term. The Senate had no qualms about confirming *him,* and in June, 1953, he won renomination to a full three-year term.

For almost two years, Cain acted as had been expected; he dutifully voted to cite all organizations that Brownell considered Communist fronts (except those that were no longer in business); he drew his $15,000 salary. His Board had nothing directly to do with the federal loyalty-security program. Its function was merely to review the Attorney General's recommendations that organizations

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ON THE DAY of his meeting with Mr. Eisenhower, Harry Cain did not know how much of his year-long campaign against faceless accusers had come to the attention of the President. He had developed his position in a series of public addresses:

► Before the NATIONAL CIVIL LIBERTIES CLEARING HOUSE, he spoke of McCarthy, although he did not mention his old crony by name. "When some in authority refer to Fifth Amendment Communists, I shudder because of the lack of understanding and power for destructive evil which is inherent in these statements. . . . We should be less concerned by the few who hide behind the privilege without justification and much more concerned by those who trifle with and prostitute its significance."

► Before the ANTI-DEFAMATION LEAGUE OF B'NAI B'RITH, he denounced the Attorney General's List as "vastly misleading because it indicates that the United States is confronted by a far larger assault against our security by organized groups of Communists or fellow-travelers than is the fact."

► Before the NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF POSTAL EMPLOYEES, he warned that the number of people subjected to loyalty procedures was multiplying every day. It is now easy "for prejudice and ignorance and even politics to stigmatize a citizen as being disloyal or a security risk without supportable foundation for these hideous charges."

► Before the NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON CITIZENSHIP, he assailed the use of secret informers and guilt by association. "Because of the absence of confrontation and cross-examination, we have permitted, without intending that result, undercover agents, paid casual informers, to bear false witness against their neighbors."

► Before the AMERICANS FOR DEMOCRATIC ACTION, he acknowledged wryly "the planning, skill, and patience employed by you and your counterparts in a Far Western State to insure my availability to be your guest tonight." Then he insisted firmly that a civil libertarian position was no monopoly of the "liberals." The good conservative, too, must oppose a national policy which considers "that one accused must assume the burden of establishing his loyalty and integrity beyond a reasonable doubt."

► Before the AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION, he decried the proliferation of slanderers and traducers. "This practice of defaming others without charges or hearings and without cause has been an atrocious error and weakness in our fight against subversion. . . . It spreads a feeling of insecurity and suspicion throughout the land."

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WE OUGHT to reappraise, I am so bold as to suggest, the departments of government and related activities to determine the areas in which there is a realistic and demonstrated need for protecting national secrets. We ought as clearly to mark and note the areas and positions where security procedures serve no legitimate security purpose.

Applicants for and employees *in these sensitive areas* can properly be examined with a fine-tooth comb. A person who would readily be employed in a non-sensitive job might as readily be passed over for a sensitive portfolio.

Should we make these distinctions as between loyalty, security and suitability, we would immediately and properly remove much of the stigma which now remains attached to the postwar American term —security risk, and the resulting security for the nation would be the stronger and more effective for it would come from a qualitative rather than a haphazard quantitative foundation. . . .

We have moved too far in the direction of attempting total security. Absolute security is undersirable and impossible except in total immobility. If our scientists make no discoveries, if our military leaders have no plans, if our political leaders have no policies, we shall have perfect security and futility. In field after field, our quest for security is defeating our legitimate ends: scientists, universities, the Foreign Service, our governmental career service, and research are being choked and stagnated in a mass of investigations, hearings, boards, statistics and court actions which hamper, rather than assist, our proper national purpose.

America has never before seen anything like it.

—Testimony of Harry Cain before the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, June 13, 1956.

be labelled subversive under the McCarran Act of 1950. It would hold hearings, make its citations (no organization has even won an "acquittal"), and then its registration orders would wend their weary way through the federal courts.

But Cain became interested. The man read, studied, accumulated case histories. Then, in January, 1955, to a gathering of the conservative Republicans of Spokane's Fifth Congressional District, he told what he had learned; the security program was threatening to "snuff out the lights of learning while making cowards and mental robots out of free men and women." The dreamer and non-conformist, Cain told his conforming audience that must have thought *it* was dreaming, are the ones who make progress. And only through progress will the conservative have anything worth conserving.

The former Senator gave three examples of how the loyalty program had miscarried: Wolf Ladejinsky had been fired by the Department of Agriculture, but was immediately scooped up by the Foreign Operations Administration; Milo Radulovich, a first lieutenant in the Air Force, had been called a security risk because of his sister's alleged pro-Communist activities; and Victor Havris, an Air Force master sergeant with 14 years of service, found himself labelled because, when he was at the impressionable age of 12, his father had taken him to a Communist meeting.

Cain's speech landed on the front pages. Its author had seen to that by turning over advance copies to reporters before he left for Spokane. When he returned to the Capital, Cain found that he had lost some friends. But although the Presidential Assistant and the Attorney General might be furious at him, three members of the United States Supreme Court—Chief Justice Warren and Associate Justices Burton and Frankfurter—congratulated him, and Justice Douglas quoted him approvingly. Fulton Lewis snarled meanly at the man he had once admired, but Columnist Murray Kempton was so happy at the Cain mutiny that he was willing to forgive all:

> Okay, so Cain may go back [to the Senate] and be the landlords' Senator again and vote for the Dixon-Yates contract. He can vote for Taft-Hartley; and, if I lived in Washington, I'd vote for him against any sitting liberal. To hell with liberals. What good is a man if he votes unlimited funds to build school gymnasiums and shuts his mouth when teachers are bullied and debased?

WHAT happened to Cain? There is nothing remarkable about an individual's changing as he grows older. In his case, however, it's the direction of the change that is remarkable. "We were at an age," Lord Keynes reminisced about his days at Cambridge, "when our beliefs influenced our behavior, a characteristic of the young, which it is easy for the middle-aged to forget." But Cain, as a middle-aged, defeated politician, moves with a spirit of principled dedication that one associates with youth.

Only two incidents in Cain's past give a clue to what he has become: fierce denunciation, when he was mayor of Tacoma, of the "relocation" camps for Japanese-Americans; and his defense, when he was a Senator, of Anna M. Rosenberg, who survived the Red-smear used to block her nomination as Assistant Secretary of Defense. These exceptions noted, there is nothing.

How, then, does Cain explain himself?

> I know I was considered a cantankerous reactionary in the Senate. I was. The Democratic Party back home had been taken over by New Deal extremists. They completely sold out to organized labor. There was no deviation. They called it liberation. I thought it was the damndest kind of reaction I had ever seen.
>
> I had respect for Roosevelt—at first. His program

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was bold and imaginative—just what we needed when the country was sick. But he continued to treat us as sick even when we had become well again. I thought the third term was a terrible thing. All this, plus the war, put quite a chip on my shoulder. I had deep-rooted prejudices. Anything the Trumans were for, I was against.

Since I've been out of the Senate, I've had lots of time to think. I've learned that this loyalty nonsense affects living human beings, not numbers on a statistical chart. I realize I was wrong about many things.

There may, of course, be more to it than this. Cain would like to return to the Senate in 1958, and if his current activities are not endearing him to former supporters, they are certainly blunting labor's antagonism toward him. It is difficult, however, to doubt the honesty of Cain's feelings. As he talks about a government worker dismissed unfairly, his eyes blaze, his hands flail the air, and he cries passionately: "How long are we going to let this sort of Gestapo thing go on?" He says he understands how the country got carried away by the disillusionment of the postwar period. "But more than 10 years have passed. Why aren't the mistakes corrected?"

HE has always been confident that if Eisenhower could be informed of what has been happening, "he would be with me in seeking reforms." And the reforms he wants are many:

There should be no security program for bureaus that do not handle military secrets.

Security officers should be chosen with care. "Some of them have Nazi minds: power to them is the spice of life."

If an employee has charges preferred against him, he should be given an immediate hearing instead of immediate suspension pending a hearing.

At the hearing, the accused should be provided with counsel. He should be permitted to confront and cross-examine any witnesses against him. Anonymous "evidence" should be discarded.

The case should be resolved speedily. If it is decided that the employee can no longer hold a sensitive position, he should be given one in which security is not a factor.

Capricious and arbitrary determinations should be precluded, and the Attorney General's list should be scrapped.

Cain has helped many government employees to keep their jobs, but he doubts very much that he will be able to keep his own job after August 9 when his present term expires. The subject did not come up in his conversation with the President. In White House circles, the feeling is that the Senator should have resigned once he decided to become a public critic of the loyalty procedures. "Without my position," Cain replies, "I wouldn't have been one-tenth as effective as I have been."

SENATOR CAIN: I have the most serious doubts, sir, about the need for a published proscription list of so-called subversive organizations in a free society.

SENATOR HENNINGS: May I interrupt you at this point, to say that we have made a consistent effort since last fall and up to within the last very few days to secure the attendance of the Attorney General of the United States to comment upon some of these matters which you have brought to our attention.

We are unable to get either co-operation from [Brownell], or obtain any assurance whatsoever that he will attend and testify. We are still hopeful, in the light of your testimony and other disclosures as may be made during the course of this committee, that the Attorney General will see fit to be of such assistance to us in our work and help us in arriving at some conclusions with relations thereto.—*Testimony of Harry Cain before the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, June 13, 1956.*

But August is near, and Cain is not a man of independent means. What does he see ahead of him? "I don't see anything. I don't have time to think about it. I'd just like to know that if I do leave the government there will be some kind of Congressional watchdog committee to help anyone who's getting a raw deal on security. We need someone to keep people excited about this."

Within a week after he saw Mr. Eisenhower, Cain himself was again trying to keep everyone excited about security. Testifying before the Hennings Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, he said that the United States has "less to worry about from the clear and present danger of Communism than it has to worry about from the secret and more pernicious danger of Fascism." Privately Cain adds:

> The extreme Right uses the specter of Communism as an excuse to establish its own dictatorship. Japan, Germany, and Italy swallowed this hocus-pocus, and I'm afraid of what it can do here if we don't watch it. There are 25,000 Communists in America, and we've acted as though this handful could make us over. It's been the most preposterous hoax in our history.

"Remember, sir," he said to Senator Hennings toward the end of his testimony, that

> . . . during the war, our greatest national ambition was to rid the world of the curse of Nazism and Fascism. From this motivation, citizens by the thousands joined hands willingly with anybody else who professed the same ambition. That Communists joined in these efforts and subsequently took some of them over is or should be completely understandable. That we continue to hold suspect the prewar and early-war memberships in these endeavors, without providing an adequate opportunity to explain those memberships while relating them to how, when, and where, is a premeditated insult to our intelligence and reputation for fair play.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

There Really Was a Canary in Its Cage

by Malcolm Muggeridge

ONE CAN know Claud Cockburn very well (as I do), and yet in a way not know him at all. Readers of his autobiography, *A Discord of Trumpets,* are likely to feel much the same. There is not a dull moment; characters and incidents are entertainingly and vividly presented; the writing is accomplished and sprightly; and a rich, truly original humor pervades the whole book. But where, one is inclined to wonder, is Cockburn?

It is not at all that Cockburn is enigmatic, in character or in his writings. He is, in fact, the least enigmatic of men. Everything comes pouring out of him without let or hindrance. He is also very gently and sweetly disposed toward his fellows whoever they may be, or, if it so happens they are bores, bored by them whoever they may be. He is always cheerful and willing to talk. I don't believe I ever heard him make a truly unkind remark about anyone, and I don't believe there is a truly unkind observation to be found in *A Discord of Trumpets.*

A Discord of Trumpets, by Claud Cockburn (Simon and Schuster; $3.95).

And yet the fact remains that he belonged to, and actively supported, a cause — *viz.* Stalinist Communism — which, without question, is in theory and practice directly opposed to this whole character, temperament and way of his. How did it come about? By what strange dichotomy has this gentle, eccentric character managed to line up with Stalin (who said once that the greatest pleasure he knew was, after a long, patient wait to get his own back on an enemy, and then take a short rest), and to accept an ideology which presupposes hatred as an essential dynamic in human life.

The autobiography does not provide an answer in so many words, but there are indications in it. For instance, it shows that Cockburn derives from a certain English (in his case, Scottish) tradition of eccentricity and chivalrousness. The eccentricity represents a harmless desire to be noticed, a refusal to bother about modes of behavior; the chivalrousness comes from belonging to the English (which usually, in practice, means the Scottish) governing class, and reacting against its arrogance, certitude and complacency. When Cockburn's autobiography was published in this country (as *In Time of Trouble*, which, I confess, seems to me a juster title than *A Discord of Trumpets*) he got a letter from someone who had known one of his uncles well, and recounted a charming anecdote about him. It appears that this uncle was a great gardener, and though he was, like Cockburn, very tall, he used when watering his flowers to climb up on a ladder in order that the water as it fell should seem to the flowers like rain. This is very much in the nephew's style, too. Incidentally, people like Cockburn always are tall and thin, though whether they become tall and thin because they are as they are, or become as they are because they are tall and thin, I cannot tell.

COCKBURN, that is to say, in my opinion, became a Communist not because he was inspired by, or even knew much about, Stalinism, but because being a Communist seemed to him to constitute a gesture of defiance against the class into which he was born, and a way of lining up with the down-trodden and oppressed against the rich and powerful. In *A Discord of Trumpets* he describes how he came upon a volume of Lenin's writings, which he then studied. Perhaps he did, but somehow I doubt whether the study was very intensive. When he has been staying with me I have often found him reading in the early morning, but it was usually something delightful like Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Pro gress*, or *The Diary of a Nobody*, or hi great-grandfather, Lord Cockburn's *Me morials*. (In the Dictionary of Nationa Biography article on Lord Cockburn read that "the utterly untechnical cha acter of his mind . . . made his excep tionally terse and lucid judgments rea in the eyes of a foreign lawyer with force not due to their intrinsic merits —an estimate which might well be ap plied to the great-grandson's journa ism.) Cockburn will read almost any thing—the *Nursing Mirror,* a typed in ventory of a furnished flat which he ha rented, but I have never seen hi thumbing over *Das Kapital.* I may b wrong, but I should not expect him t acquit himself particularly brilliantly a a Marxist scholar. For one thing, h loves the English language with a pa sionate and fastidious love. He loves th thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, an Shakespeare, and P. G. Wodehouse (t which he is much addicted), where the sacred Marxist texts whatever wi dom they may or may not embody, a written atrociously, in their Englis translations at any rate.

NO, as he himself is fond of saying, classical education at a pious (i the English, not American, sense) publ school provides greater stimulation t revolutionary tendencies than all th propaganda ever put out by Comintern Cominform and other like ardent an diligent agencies. Take just the Mag nificat, which is chanted weekly, if no daily. A perceptive boy cannot but won der about putting down the might from their seats and exalting the humbl and meek, and whether the propositio remains valid. Fortunately for us al few boys, and scarcely any adults, ar perceptive. Otherwise we should neve have any peace at all. I remember so wel in Simla in the old days when the Vice roy came to church, and there they a were — His Excellency and wife, th Commander-in-Chief, the Knights Bach elor, the A.D.C.s, all roaring it out "He hath filled the hungry with goo things and the rich he hath sent empt away," with two or three rows of In dians at the back. Rum I thought it, bu no one else seemed to.

Cockburn, as is apparent from *A Dis cord of Trumpets,* was very perceptiv indeed. He was also very high-spirited indolent, adventurous, self-indulgen

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nd out to be amused. This made it inevitable that he should become a journalst, and join the staff of the *Times* (every English journalist must do his tint on the *Times* or the *Manchester Guardian*, in the same way that old lags must in the course of their careers pass hrough reformatories, prisons-without-bars and other such high-minded institutions before settling down to a steady ife of crime). His account of working or the *Times* in Berlin and Washington s highly diverting, and full of an intense appreciation of the American cene and way of life. He gives an admirable account of Wilmott Lewis, for many years the *Times* correspondent in Washington, with whom he worked—a delightful, fraudulent, shrewd man, who might have been forgotten as his many friends died off but for Cockburn's careful and affectionate pen portrait of him.

To move over, as Cockburn did, from the *Times* to the *Daily Worker*, without stopping at any intermediate station, might seem a startling leap to take. n his case, it was almost inevitable, and, haracteristically, he barely noticed the difference (if, indeed, there is any). In he same way, a certain type of Roman Catholic might become a Plymouth Brother without appreciably altering the enor of his days. The Spanish Civil War provided for him, as for so many of his generation, a cause in which he could wholeheartedly believe, and the satisfaction of his craving for action and excitement.

I once pointed out to him that, had General Franco lost the Civil War, Hitler might well have won the 1939-45 war, in that, at the time of the collapse of France, there would have been a Soviet satellite regime in Spain, which, in accordance with Stalin's strategy of co-operating with the Nazis, would almost certainly have been induced, unlike Franco, to let the Wehrmacht through to Gibraltar and North Africa. The point did not affect his nostalgic memories of Barcelona and Madrid—any more than a man who has had a delirious love affair with someone who, he will admit, would have made a disastrous wife, is prepared to relinquish his nostalgic memories. Anyway, Cockburn's ebullient account of he Spanish Civil War, read along with Orwell's astringent one in *Homage to Catalonia*, provides most valuable documentation of this curious, tragic and momentous episode.

As I write this I pause, and ask myself what sort of review Orwell would have written of *A Discord of Trumpets*. He would, I suspect, have skinned it alive. All the harsh, dry, often sublime moral indignation to which he was addicted would have been evoked by it. Orwell and Cockburn never met, and Cockburn (who has an outstanding facility for averting his eyes from anything which might prove distressing or upsetting) has managed never to read any Orwell. They would scarcely have taken to one another. Yet when I think of them both (Orwell, by the way, was another of those tall, thin Lowland Scots), I can see that there is more similarity than might appear. Orwell had a way of dehydrating the most glamorous or uproarious incidents, Cockburn can extract glamour and uproar from the departure on time of a suburban train; Orwell was an inveterate Leftist who flayed Communists in a manner which makes Senator McCarthy seem a member of the Politburo, Cockburn is an inveterate Tory (his greatest anguish as a Communist was having at times to go through the motions of supporting the Labour Party), who has managed to be a Communist, to work most effectively for a Communist newspaper, and to cease to be a practising Communist without ever beating his breast about it, or ever saying or writing a harsh thing about his former Communist associates. Even so, there is, I am convinced, some human category which includes them both. Perhaps I am, egotistically, the more convinced of this because I have spent a good many hours discussing life and literature and politics and religion with each of them, and found myself, more often than not, in basic agreement.

The truth is that political, ideological, denominational and other such categories may be convenient, but do not really work. The basic difference between man and man is between those who keep their snouts buried in the trough and those who occasionally lift them out of it. And the precise occasion and consequences of the lifting out are irrelevant compared with the act of lifting out itself. Thus, Calvin or Torquemada or Shakespeare have more in common with one another than with, say, Sidney Webb, for whom the world ended at the end of the world. Orwell was a great snout-lifter, and so is Cockburn.

As a journalist, Cockburn's most famous feat was the founding and direction of *The Week*, the first of those cyclo-styled, inside-information sheets which have, subsequently, so distressingly multiplied. He really did have fun with this scabrous publication. As a one-man show it was stupendous. He managed, by means of it, to be, to a quite exceptional extent, a thorn in the flesh of those (as the Prayer Book so charmingly puts it) set in authority over us. His basic journalistic theory is that there is no such thing as news, objectively speaking. News lies in the eye of the beholder, and it is the journalist's business to make it outward and visible. Thus, for instance, looking with a somewhat hangover eye at the funeral procession of the late King George V, he observed just behind King Carol of Rumania a curious figure in what appeared to be a white overall. Who could this man be? he asked himself, and, quick as a flash, decided that the explanation of his presence was that King Carol, out on the town the night before, had found himself in sore need of the services of a masseur early that morning. The masseur had worked on him up to the very moment of the departure of the funeral procession, and then had got swept up in it. Hence the man in the white overall. In actual fact he was a Transylvanian peasant in national costume, but oh! what a story!

Such is Cockburn's journalistic technique. It is open to the objection that it is not strictly factual. One of his first efforts for the *Times* was, as he recounts in *A Discord of Trumpets*, to go down Dresden way and cover some floods. "Half a mile of that little valley," he reported, "smelled of death. There were corpses in the mud and in one house the table in an upper back room had been laid for breakfast. In several other houses canaries were singing or moping in their cages."

Years later, he goes on, a colleague in Spain was sharply criticized for mentioning a canary as the only living thing in one of the bombed houses of a village. " 'But you can't,' people said, 'use that damned canary again'." Cockburn can and does. "I suppose," he concludes, "the trouble is that life is a good deal

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cornier than it ought to be, for there really was a canary in its cage in that bombed Spanish village, and there really were canaries in the wrecked village in Saxony."

The technique has its dangers. In Prague, when Chamberlain's contemptible and ill-fated Pact was on the point of being concluded, Cockburn found himself in the Soviet Embassy, where, he relates, he learnt of the arrival in Czechoslovakia of a contingent of the Red Air Force, and was privy to the agonized efforts of the Soviet Ambassador to get Benes to dig in his toes, and, in the certain knowledge that Soviet help would be available, fight it out with the Nazis. There were plenty of journalists around, but no one else saw or heard of this Red Air Force contingent, and all the published diplomatic documents show that, whenever Litvinov was asked what the Soviet Government would do in the event of a show-down, he was studiously evasive.

My point is that *A Discord of Trumpets* is not a source book, and that to use it as such would be disastrous. It is a work of art—funny, enthralling, gay, shrewd, zestful, and, in its own idiom (which is not John Gunther's—it is *Inside Cockburn* rather than *Inside Europe*), vitally conveys the flavor of these strange times through which we have lived. Its sequel will be eagerly awaited, though those who expect to read in it an account of Cockburn's deconversion from Communism are likely to be disappointed. He went in smiling, and he came out smiling—the more broadly because, in the same week, he appeared on a list, submitted to the United States Senate, of the world's most dangerous Reds, and in the Slansky case proceedings (still, by the way, not yet quashed in the orgy of post-Stalin penitence) as Colonel Cockburn, head of the British Secret Service. He had no Damascus Road in the first place, and no Dark Night of the Soul subsequently; and all the trumpets blew for him on both sides.

"America's Gift to Ireland"

by William Y. Tindall

"JOYCE," said Paddy Henchy of the National Library in Dublin, "is America's gift to Ireland." What he said, though cynical and witty at once, has enough truth in it to bring Joyce's present reputation to mind—not only in Ireland and America but in England and on the Continent. Dead now for fifteen years, Joyce has remained a lively center of interest. Some regard him with awe as the greatest of contemporary writers; some attack him as worthless and empty; some find him God's gift to doctors of philosophy; and others, more sentimentally inclined, celebrate Bloomsday with offerings of burnt kidney.

Dublin's Joyce, by Hugh Kenner (Indiana University Press; $5.75).

Joyce, the Man, the Work, the Reputation, by Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain (New York University Press; $5).

Ireland, the last country to discover Joyce, receives him now as peculiarly her own—as indeed he is. His portrait hangs in the director's room of the National Library. *Ulysses*, contrary to our fixed idea of clerical censorship, is openly on sale in Dublin bookshops. Even critics in pious magazines find Joyce, as T. S. Eliot once found Baudelaire, almost Catholic, if not quite the thing itself.

But since the principal interest of Ireland is local, Joyce is hailed most loudly there for his picture of Dublin, complete with cockles, mussels and wheelbarrow. The fiftieth Bloomsday, June 16, 1954, inspired a gay band of patriots and wits to set out from the Martello Tower at Sandycove for Eccles Street, where they would have arrived had fewer pubs been in their way.

It is only natural that these men regard with half affectionate amusement or contempt the Americans to whom they are partly indebted for such pleasures. American Joyceans, not only ignorant of Dublin, are incorrigibly academic. Celebrating Joyce with footnote and bibliography, our explicators are ingenious to the point of folly.

We must agree that from Edmund Wilson's early essays to the latest publications of the Modern Language Association we have displayed both learning and subtlety. As if to affirm this long tradition and to celebrate the fifty-second Bloomsday in a suitably American way, two university presses have issued formidable books on Joyce. The first of these is *Dublin's Joyce* by Hugh Kenner and the second, *Joyce, the Man, the Work, the Reputation* by Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain. All three are professors and all more solemn than to Irish eyes, an Irish occasion requires—though not too solemn for an approach to the master.

MR. Kenner's work, less about Dublin's Joyce than his own, attempts to combine old magazine articles with an old doctoral dissertation (from Yale). Two covers fail to crown or justify this endeavor, and, as one might expect, the violent association of such elements lacks the wholeness, harmony, and radiance of Joyce's desire. Yet parts are worth reading again. Mr. Kenners valuable and pioneer essay on the *Portrait* reappears. His digressions on Sherlock Holmes and "The Trivium in Dublin" are as suggestive as ever, though, in the absence of adequate evidence, no more convincing. The section on *Finnegans Wake* is filled with brilliant reading and learned divagations. But however academic in appearance, Mr. Kenner is not academic enough to keep up with other scholars and critics. He seems unaware of almost everything written about Joyce since 1950, or, maybe indifferent to things around him, he prefers himself alone. The result of this solipsism is somewhat *démodé*. For example, his survey of *Ulysses*, lacking all benefits of recent scholarship, is dated and superficial, though far from trivial in Joyce's sense of the word. The lack of an index is less of a disadvantage than it seems.

Messrs. Magalaner and Kain, more in line with Irish expectations, are academic entirely. Mr. Kain is the author of a published dissertation (Chicago) on *Ulysses* and Mr. Magalaner the author of a hitherto unpublished dissertation on *Dubliners* (Columbia). Dividing the works of Joyce between them, these collaborators undertook a survey

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of his reputation from the earliest reviews to the most recent scholarly articles. The result, constituting a critical bibliography, will serve for many years to guide readers of Joyce through the maze of comment. Such guidance is the value of this book, but in addition each of the collaborators has included findings of his own. Mr. Magalaner's chapter on *Dubliners,* based on his own researches and amply supported by the insights of others, is the best comprehensive treatment to date of these stories; and his treatment of the *Portrait* is not only a summary of critical estimates (including Mr. Kenner's) but, at many points, an original extension of knowledge. The chapter on biography is an admirable account of achievements, failures, and problems in this field.

Less temperate than Mr. Magalaner, Mr. Kain devotes his chapter on *Chamber Music* to his distaste for its principal critic. On the other hand, Mr. Kain devotes a considerable part of a chapter on *Ulysses* to praise and defense of his own dissertation. If it seems meager or inadequate, he says, and if its author seems to have failed in understanding, that failure was intentional. Nevertheless, where his passions are not involved, Mr. Kain provides useful summaries of criticism from the attack on *Ulysses* by H. G. Wells down to William Empson's curious speculations. On the whole, despite an inevitable unevenness of tone and treatment, this collaboration claims a place among important handbooks for readers of Joyce.

It is true that, in J. S. Atherton, England that is unlikely since the Irish import little from America but oil—there will be general amusement in the pubs. Like all Americans but Orville Prescott and J. Donald Adams, who remain devoted to suburban letters, these three American scholars take Joyce seriously, in the words of Mr. Kain, as "the characteristic creative genius of our time." As a characteristic genius and as a representative of European culture Joyce is also hailed by Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians. Valery Larbaud, Louis Gillet, Ernest Curtius, and Ettore Settanni come readily to mind. Only the English find themselves unable to comply.

It is true that in J. S. Atherton England has produced a Joycean of the academic kind, and it is true that Frank Budgen, Stuart Gilbert, T. S. Eliot, Philip Toynbee, and a few others have applauded *Ulysses,* but most of the most respectable English critics from the time of Edmund Gosse have given Joyce the back of their hand. E. M. Forster found him serving the interests of hell, and Virginia Woolf, when not engaged in imitating Joyce, found him little better than a common sewer. Last year C. P. Snow, the moral sociologist, found Joyce as "dead as cold potatoes," and F. R. Leavis, who properly refuses them a place beside George Eliot in the great tradition, says in his recent book on D. H. Lawrence that people are of two kinds: those who like Lawrence and those who like Joyce. Happily, Leavis implies, most men have moral responsibility enough to turn the latter down. V. S. Pritchett's article on *Ulysses* in the *New Statesman and Nation* (January 21, 1956) is no less exemplary.

Ulysses, says Mr. Pritchett, serves as "a learned crossword puzzle" for "scholar-technicians of the American universities," but for the polite and the civilized that book proves sordid, unreadable, and intolerable. As for art: *Ulysses* is as "amorphous" as an Irish bog. As for meaning: it has none, lacking both metaphysical point and "moral conviction." Molly's blowsy meanderings and Stephen's adolescent pretentiousness alike show Joyce's "inhumanity." The man is "a freak regional writer," whose virtues, if any, are mimicry and autonomous verbal dexterity. It may be that Joyce, trotting a bog beyond the frontiers of meaning, decency, and art, is "clever as a monkey," but that is not enough to detain an admirer of Iris Murdoch and Angus Wilson, to whom we must turn for the real thing.

This response to Joyce would be less discouraging to scholar-technicians and Dubliners were it less typical. We can only speculate about what seems a regional incapacity. The Anglo-Saxon attitude may be a natural reluctance to forgive the Irish and the Americans; it may be the realization by men of Eton and Balliol that Joyce, far from wearing their tie, emerged from the lower middle class; it may be an effect of peculiar standards of wit or of acceptable indecency, standards that welcome Lady Chatterley while shutting the door to Mrs. Bloom. The demise of the sym-

Remembering John Marin

You are of pine yourself, stick-like in Maine
But somewhat bent, somewhat bemused by rock
Under your feet. Your hair hangs down like a mop
Over a scarecrow face that shows the strain

Of years of seeing. Your nose points to the sea.
Your eyes light up with blue and catch the white
Sails of a boat angled against the light
Of a clear sky—clear but for tones you free

From water, boat, and air, to thrust your theme
Newly through space. Theme of electric lines
Of life converging color, mass, to a scheme
Bursting on white. Your painting hand now finds

The box of paints. You drop your cigarette,
Intent on life. Your claw-like left hand grasps
The sketching pad while quickly you beget
The fresh motif. And does the air that wraps

Your piney self in such salt-flavored grace
Bless you through life? New York will offer stone
Brilliantly piled and nights of flashing tone:
And does it yield the seaman's wind-red face?

DOUGLAS NICHOLS

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bolist and subjective novel, recently heralded by C. P. Snow, may require support. Whatever its cause, misunderstanding is plain.

But misunderstanding is not a British monopoly. Even Dubliners, scholar-technicians, and members of the James Joyce Society often like Joyce for wrong reasons. Joyce is not a local celebrity, an excuse for scholarly display, or an occasion for sentiment but a great artist whose vision of reality is comprehensive. Moralists who call him immoral fail to see that humanity and charity are important elements of his art. Those who deny him metaphysical importance fail to see that his theme is man's connection with all things. Joyce's fame, persisting through hostility and misplaced devotion, suggests the presence of values to which, though unaware, we respond in our fashions.

The Party of Action

by Gerald W. Johnson

IF there is, was, or ever will be such a thing as a campaign handbook that makes any sense, this opus of David L. Cohn is the article. He doesn't give the Democrats any the worst of it, but he never intended to give them the worst of it. On the other hand, he never departs from the historical truth so far that one can say, "here he becomes a mere tub-thumper." In short, he comes pretty close to telling the story of the party as it really happened.

The Fabulous Democrats: A History of the Democratic Party in Text and Pictures, by David L. Cohn, with a foreword by Sam Rayburn (Putnam; $3.95).

For example, consider this estimate of the Civil War campaign:

> Democrats did not exhaust their capacity for poor leadership and intellectual laziness in the platform of 1864. They would demonstrate through many platforms to come that they were second to none in their ability to sustain a continuing mood of poor leadership and intellectual laziness.

That's the fact, stated precisely and succinctly, and at first glance it might seem to constitute an utter condemnation of the Democratic Party. But the reverse is the truth. The party has had such vitality that poor leadership and intellectual laziness maintained through long periods have not been able to kill it; and that is its real claim to respectful consideration.

The immortality of the Democratic Party lies in the fact that you can tell the truth about it, and it still looks pretty good. It has outlasted the Federalists the Know-Nothings, the Whigs and the Bull-Moosers and bids fair to outlast the Republicans; but the truth is that Federalist, Know-Nothing, Whig, Bull Mooser and Republican were simply different names for the same party. The Democrats are the party of action; their opponents, under whatever name, the party of inaction.

Mr. Cohn's account of this kinetic force is easy in tone and sparkling in style. I think he is in error in ascribing the famous denunciation of Jefferson with which he begins to Timothy Dwight; I think the words are those of Theodore Dwight, the editor, brother of the college president. But it is not really a lick amiss, because Timothy was quite as violent, even if he did not employ just these words.

The book is lavishly and, on the whole, judiciously illustrated. The cartoons of the early days are more than merely amusing, they are informative, and the photographs of the later days are nostalgic. It is an excellent piece of work and, due allowances made for its frank partisan bias, an excellent reference work.

Next Week

What Is Theatre?

the first of a series
of summer articles

by

Eric Bentley

The Restless Soviet World

by Donald W. Treadgold

THIS IS a revision of one of the eight books, not counting a ninth of which he is joint author, which Mr. Dallin has written about Russia; the revision is extensive enough to qualify it as the tenth.

The original book, entitled *The Real Soviet Russia,* was written in 1944 (it was reissued with some changes in 1947) with the gusto of one who knows his story is at variance with currently received doctrine and a haste attributable to the author's desire to prevent American officialdom and public opinion from making a peace based on erroneous assumptions. The revision adds considerable material on developments of the last decade. It omits from its introductory section some of the delightfully absurd quotations from ignoramuses writing in the war period—for example, "the Russians rarely say 'da'—yes; they say mostly 'da-da-da'"—but keeps some serious ones, such as "The word of honor of the Soviet state is as sure as the Bible," this from a high American diplomat. There are some other alterations: General Vlasov, who was a "traitor" as late as the 1947 revision, is now a "leader of dissidents." It is not implied that Mr. Dallin has been slow in his perceptions. He was endeavoring to tell the truth about the Soviet Union when it was unpalatable to many readers, and he has tried to use the additional information which has become available since 1944 and 1947 to tell the

The Changing World of Soviet Russia by David J. Dallin (Yale; $5).

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ory more fully and more accurately. The first and longest part of the book nalyzes Soviet social structure and its volution, from the time of the destruc-on of the old upper classes beginning 1 1917, through the creation of new nes by the 1930's, and since. Next omes a shorter section on the Commu-ist leadership, changes within it and its octrines and methods; a final section is evoted to foreign policy.

F one theme can be said to run through the book, it is the assertion iat the new Soviet intelligentsia has be-ome alienated from the system without aving any clear idea of an alternative or ieans for its realization. This is an im-ortant and very likely true contention, ut the author does not suggest what all f its implications might be. The reader iust glean the analysis from widely eparated sections of the book, and piece together as best he can. Of War Com-iunism, Mr. Dallin writes that "grim eality" displaced theory; of the First ive Year Plan, "realism had to give ay to principle,' what "theory" and hat "principle" remain unclear. Several mes the author does mention two prin-iples as constant in Soviet policy: uni-ersal state economy and exclusive poli-cal power. Apparently he believes, like iost scholars, that these goals are re-ted to the fundamental tenets of Marxism-Leninism, but since he never eats Communist doctrine as a separate opic, the reader must again do his own unting for conclusions.

By no means entirely dependent on ie doctrinal goals and slogans has been ie problem of what the social structure f the country has come to be. The light of the peasants is by now widely nown. Less well understood is the con-ition of the urban working class. The re-revolutionary proletariat was dis-ersed back to the villages by famine nd into the government by the early olsheviks, and the present industrial orkers (more than half of them omen) are largely transplanted peas-nts. Their "average" real wages are robably not higher now than in 1928; nd this "average" splits the difference etween the favored Stakhanovites, who ke lead cattle at slaughter-houses are ie vehicle of the speed-up for their ellows but are themselves spared, and ie mass of underpaid workers. There re more forced laborers than "free" workers; forced labor is not simply a means of sequestering dissidents, but is a spinal sector of the whole economy. From the peasants, workers and slave laborers Mr. Dallin expects no great uprisings. He suggests that the new intelligentsia is the group which may produce change. According to the author, these people want a government based on law and not on the whim of tyrants, they honor Britain and America and distrust foreign Communists, they are

> tired of heroism, of stress and strain, of sacrifice and suffering, of persecution and death . . . Two generations of Russians have not known of meaning of normal living. The people now on the scene want to live.

The new intelligentsia expresses these feelings of the people.

ALIENATION and restlessness, of course, are not the same thing as revolutionary fervor. Mr. Dallin does not explain why the "laws . . . of history" should lead inexorably toward a Russia with "liberty and security." Since he has such confidence in the ultimate restoration of Russian freedom, it is curious that he does not organize more carefully his evidence concerning World War II—the historical moment when the Soviet system came nearest to cracking completely. He states flatly that the army "fought bravely," yet seventy pages later, in reference to the Vlasov movement made up of captured or defecting soldiers from that same army, he writes that the movement's "essential preconditions were present in the feelings of the people of every area from which Soviet authority and troops were withdrawing. All the latent hatred of the regime . . . suddenly erupted. This was a rebellion. . . ." But this crucial observation nearly gets lost in an otherwise fine discussion of the drastic ideological about-face made by the regime as a result of defeat and disaffection in the first months of the War.

The value of the book lies less in its analytical framework than in its clear, readable, and systematic accounts of various particular but important aspects of Soviet society and the regime from both domestic and international standpoints. Mr. Dallin knows where to look for his evidence, and he has handled it judiciously. His cautions about the significance of Trotskyism and Titoism, the Communists' treatment of religion, the post-Stalin changes, are needed none the less because others have tried to press them home. Along with Eugene Lyons' book, *Our Secret Allies*, Mr. Dallin's new volume ranks among the most reliable accounts by a single author of the major issues in relation to the USSR which the non-specialist may read with full comprehension and profit.

FRANCIS HACKETT . . . . . *Chicago's Opportunity*

WRITING in these columns in 1920, H. L. Mencken went out of his way to commit himself. He said that Chicago, "lying out there where the prairie runs down to the Great Lakes," was the literary capital of the United States. The individual in New York, "the heavy hand of the capitalistic bourgeoisie upon him at all times," was afraid of himself, "afraid to be American," but Chicago, oafish, overgrown, an upstart and a bounder, was still rich, eager, ever-changing and ever welcoming to originality. He predicted that from this Gargantua would come, after the war, a reaction "toward freedom in ideas, and, what is more, toward a sane and self-respecting nationalism."

H. L. Mencken was buoyant in those days. He never hesitated to overstate. He deliberately countered demagogues with demagoguery, playing his cards less with relation to their intrinsic value than to their usefulness in the game, and reckoning on the future as his confederate. There would always be the inextinguishable *Poetry* magazine in Chicago, the bright hopes from the Midwest, and the ineradicable Carl Sandburg.

But we who had lived and worked in Chicago did not hide from ourselves the literary exodus. Chicago laughed long when one of its eminent doctors was queried on the witness stand about his notable patients. "Doctor, you attended Mr. Big. Where is he now? "Mr. Big died some years ago." "And Mr. Bigger, what happened to him?" "He

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is dead." "I see. And you attended Mr. Biggest. Could you tell us where he is?' The doctor mumbled, "dead." "Thank you, sir. That will be all." Very funny, but what about Chicago's retentive powers as a literary capital? When I arrived there, I asked where Finley Peter Dunne was. "Gone East." And George Ade? "Gone East." And John Dewey? "Gone East." And Herbert Stone? "Gone bluey." And Thorstein Veblen? "Gone West." The capital was fluid. Theodore Dreiser, Edgar Lee Masters, Sherwood Anderson, Floyd Dell, James Farrell, Margaret Anderson, Hemingway and Vincent Sheean, Percy Hammond and Burton Rascoe, Robert Herrick and Robert Lovett—they had pulled up their stakes. They had taken with them their capital—that is to say, their freedom in ideas, their sane and self-respecting nationalism. And when flood-waters bore down from McCarthyland, who would man the levees as the debris of freedom, sanity and self-respect threatened to backwash into the *Tribune?* There was nobody home.

THE situation was not new. It was as old as the Alexandria to which H. L. Mencken compared Boston. A man by the name of Reverend—his given name was Jesus but he lost it to the Son of God and was henceforth Ecclesiasticus or the Son of Sirach—had with much perspicacity described this situation about the year 200 B.C., which gave him access to the press section of the Bible. Bertrand Russell in his prodigious *History of Western Philosophy* dismisses this wry sage as setting forth the morality of the virtuous businessman in a period of comfortable self-righteousness, but had this been so, Ecclesiasticus would have never discerned the inevitable conflict in an industrial city between Homo Faber and Homo Sapiens. However much he might have been tinged by the cynics and skeptics whose vogue in Alexandria must have been familiar to him, he cared too greatly for freedom in ideas not to see that without its salt the earthbound would be content with organs of opinion that were barrel-organs, grinding out old tunes, designed for local consumption. They would exile from their city the kind of men who would disturb their preoccupations, scribes who required both space and time in which to mature.

"HOW shall he become wise," asked Ecclesiasticus, "whose discourse is of the stock of bulls?" All the activities that have absorbed Chicagoans for a century were adumbrated in 200 B.C. The plow he names, specifically, the feed for heifers, the ironworks, the potteries, the making of water mains, the foundries ("the noise of the hammer will be ever in his ear"), and he freely grants that industrialists will "maintain the fabric of the world, and in the handiwork of their craft is their prayer." But above and beyond this contribution from Homo Faber is the work of Homo Sapiens, and when it comes to the nation at large an industrial Chicago shall have no mission:

> They shall not be sought in the council of the people, and in the assembly they shall not mount on high; they shall not sit on the seat of the judge, and they shall not understand the covenant of the judgment; neither shall they declare instruction and judgment, and where parables are they shall not be found.

Fifty years ago, when native Americans were less than 25 percent in the city of Chicago, they had their golden opportunity to blend two nations into one. How well did they do it? Frank Harris exposed the two nations at grips in *The Bomb.* Frank Norris saw its frenzy in *The Pit.* Jack London melodramatically projected their final struggle in *The Iron Heel.* Upton Sinclair revealed one sector of it in *The Jungle.* Theodore Dreiser, censored by a prude, disclosed in *Sister Carrie* and *Jennie Gerhardt* the inexorable harshness behind the tease of promise and its glitter.

The unsparing emphasis on "the battle of life" reiterated by Ernest Hemingway was bred in him as a Chicago boy, while James Farrell has omitted no hunger, no pit, no jungle, no iron heel, in his version of the South and West Side.

Ecclesiasticus knew, what Chicago did not, and would not know, that to take bad dreams to Zurich would not be enough. "Of an unclean thing, what shall be cleansed? And of that which is false, what shall be true?" The sho that were heard round the world, fir by sawed-off guns in Chicago, did n advertise freedom in ideas. They adve tised a blind boycott of ideas, and th exodus of those who had repected the Those men were known as "the shirks who understood with Ecclesiasticus th "the wisdow of the scribe cometh by t opportunity of leisure" and "he th hath little business shall become wise. Such men often starved in Chicago.

About a hundred years ago Lincol delivered on this topic of two natio one of his greatest speeches. This w to a grave Chicago audience that ha established a union seminary before opened a Union Stockyard, and t speech undoubtedly helped to make hi President and to change American hi tory.

Since that time Illinois has never se a native son to the White House, whe as Ohio, somewhat smaller in area an population, has sent eight. Illinois n longer reflected that the counsel of t heart has to be needed, and that " man's soul is sometimes wont to bri him tidings, more than seven watc men that sit on high or a watch-tower searching for votes or for enemy plan The opportunity that is now offered Chicago is to revert to wisdom as E clesiasticus diagnosed it:

> A wise man will instruct his own peo ple; and the fruits of his understand ing are trustworthy. A wise man wil be filled with blessing; and all the that see him shall call him happy. Th wise man shall inherit confidenc among his people, and his name shall live forever.

In 1860 Chicago did give its con dence to a man whose name shall li forever. That is more than being artificer and a workmaster, more th being wise in technique. The man nee ed in a crisis is he "that hath applied h soul." It is time that Illinois once mo give such a man to the nation.

Notes on Contributors

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE, the editor *Punch*, is writing a biography of Geor Orwell. WILLIAM Y. TINDALL'S newe book is *The Literary Symbol.* DOUGL NICHOLS is a young American poet no living in Europe. DONALD W. TREA GOLD is on the Russian faculty of t University of Washington.

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Correspondence

(*Continued from page 3*)

viet Union; it seems clear to me that knowledge on this subject is expert. t I do want to stress my emphatic reement with his point that economic pansion in the United States is neither ady enough nor rapid enough, in view the Soviet challenge. . . .

Mr. Whitney suggests that, during e next decade, the real growth in the nerican economy would need to approximate 10 percent a year to maintain safe margin of superiority over the viets, and that this is feasible. Most merican economists project an average nual growth rate of between 2.5 and percent, and these figures are implicit the thought and programs of the rrent Administration. . . . These ceedingly low estimates are in essence recasts that the future will repeat the st . . . They reflect the limited appli- tion of economic statistics, not the oad application of political economy. have urged that we set goals to achieve average annual growth rate of at least 5 percent a year, educate the public as the feasibility of these goals, and lopt private and public economic poli- es and programs to make their attain- ent certain. . . .

Mr. Whitney is also decidedly on the ght track in pointing out that the econ- mic expansion which we should under- ke need not impair our consumer liv- g standards or our domestic resource evelopments and public services, in the rocess of developing at a sufficiently pid rate the heavy industries and ansportation facilities which some em to be more closely related to de- ense needs. One of the great advan- ges which we now possess over the oviets is that we have advanced skills nd the organized resources to meet the equirements of the world situation ithout repressing living standards and rvices at home. . . . Under our sys- m, only a vast expansion of private nsumption and domestic public serv- es in the United States can supply the xpanding levels of demand which will nduce a sufficiently rapid expansion of he types of plants and facilities which ould be readily convertible if need be other types of output. Our national olicies and programs today assume, hrough narrow-minded financial book- keeping at the federal level, that we must choose between guns and butter; and the irony of the current situation is that we are not doing enough either on the home or the international fronts . . .

In this connection, I agree with Mr. Whitney that our current levels of public spending are far too low. I agree also that full employment and full production, expanding at optimum rates, and the servicing of our imperative priorities both at home and overseas, are infinitely more important than a balanced federal budget on purely economic as well as on other grounds, and should be attained even if this meant budgetary deficits. But I do not agree that large and continuing deficits would in fact result. On the contrary, in a sufficiently growing economy, public spending could be raised to desirable levels, consistently with a balanced federal budget over a fair span of years, and there would even be room for some tax reductions and for improvements in the tax structure. . . .

Moreover, I think that Mr. Whitney is understating the size and complexity of the problems confronting us, when he relies basically on increased public spending, plus some changes in immigration and in international trade policies, to do the job. An appropriate rate of economic growth, and the wise allocation of our total resources among competing purposes, can indeed be guided and stimulated importantly by public spending, which in fact is the most important single influence. But in addition, a balanced program of growth requires levels and allocations of private investment, and patterns of consumer behavior, which cannot be achieved solely through public finance. National economic policy is much broader and more complicated than public finance alone, a fact frequently neglected by some of the modern economists unduly influenced by Lord Keynes (or misconstruing him) without realizing that even this great master wrote with only partial relevance to the American economy; in any event he is substantially out of date today. We need a program of growth, in our "mixed" economy, which combines private and public incentives and action in just proportion, both operating within the unifying prospective of commonly sought and commonly understood over-all goals.

The Employment Act of 1946, with appropriate interpretation and leadership, would provide an admirable focal point for this effort. Its statutory requirement that the President assume the leadership in presenting to the Congress and to the country *needed* levels of employment, production and purchasing power, and also outline private and public actions compatible with these goals, is an ample platform on which to stand. But we must stand on the platform, and not lie down on it. . . .

Mr. Whitney deserves high commendation for identifying the central economic issue of our times—purposefulness under freedom. I agree also with his insistence that our international economic programs require drastic alteration, not only so that they may be sufficient in magnitude but, even more important, so that they may become qualitatively adapted to situations moving further and further away from those which pertained when these programs were first adopted.

LEON H. KEYSERLING

Washington, D. C.

LEON H. KEYSERLING, *President of the Conference on Economic Progress, headed President Truman's Council of Economic Advisers.*

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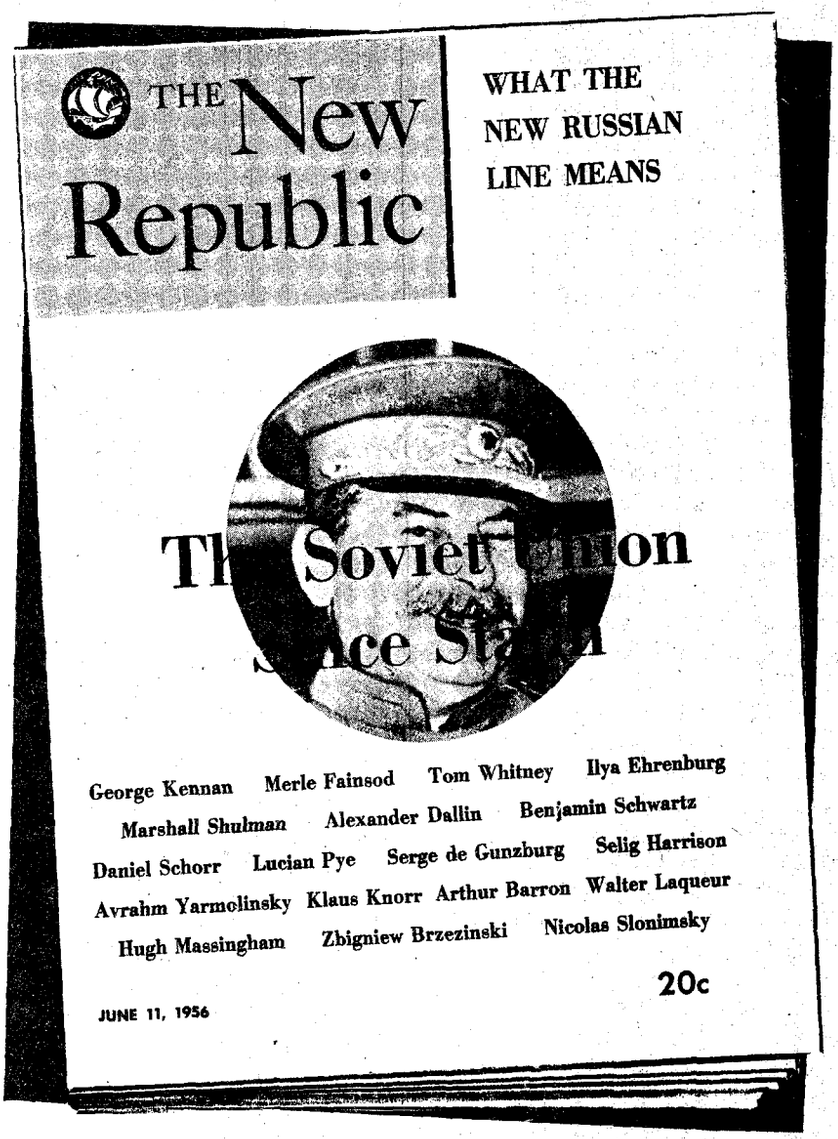
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